

Of Other Days.

Down on the floor here, me and you,
Doing some stunts like I used to do
With other babies in days gone by:
Dimpled of cheek were they, laughing of
eye;
And, ah, but the lips of them they were
red!
And the yellow curls on each tousled
head
Were wonderful, shimmering, dancing
curls!
Oh, the old-time boys and the old-time
girls!
And the funny things that we used to
do!
Let us get down here, me and you!

Let us get down here, me and you!
Over your shoulder peek eyes of blue,
Out of the misty years troop back
The children of old, and a-pick-a-pack
We romp upstairs and we go pell mell
Downstairs at the sound of the supper
bell!
Hang on, don't holler, I won't hurt you;
Oh, this is the way that we used to do!
You are filling the place in the heart of
me—
The place of the children that used to be.
—Houston Post.

Honesty That Irritated.

"Once, when I had occasion to with-
draw \$25 from my bank," remarked
the conscientious man, "something
happened which almost tempted me to
think that honesty may at times be
not so very commendable. By a cur-
ious mistake, considering the small
amount of money, the cashier handed
out six five-dollar gold pieces. With-
out thinking what it meant to him I
shoved one of the coins back saying:
'You have given me too much.' The
look that man gave me I have never
forgotten, although even at this day I
cannot describe it. But I can assure
you it was a grateful glance."

Easy When You Know How.

"It's remarkable," said the doctor,
"how much excitement a bean, or
some equally small object, can cause
when it is lodged in a baby's nose.
This morning a frantic mother rushed
into my office and implored me to ex-
tract a bead which her baby had put
into its nose. Improvising a suitably
bent probe from a hairpin I borrowed
from the hysterical woman I succeed-
ed in removing the bead in less time
than it would take time to count six.
And the first thing the woman said
was: 'Why, I could have done that my-
self.'"

A Precise Petitioner.

The Kansas City Star tells of a Kan-
sas clergyman who prided himself on
his precise and scrupulous use of
words. One Sunday this good man
was praying for elevating grace and
renewed working force. "O, Lord,"
he pleaded, "waken Thy cause in the
hearts of this congregation and give
them new eyes to see and impulse to
do. Send them Thy lev-er or leev-er,
according to Webster's or Worcester's
dictionary, whichever you use, and
pry them into activity."

Mrs. New-wed called in the old Dr.
For the baby had tantrums that Shr..
Said the stern old M. D.:
"It is quite plain to see,
The infant is spoiled, 'cause you've
Rr."

She—You told me before we were
married that you were well off.
He—I was, but I didn't know it.

The Music From the Distant Hills.
I walk along the country road
And in the distance see
The hills that rise like sentinels
To point out God to me;
And on the quiet summer air
Angelic music floats—
The music from the distant hills,
Seraphic, joyous notes.

Alone I walk, yet not alone,
For he is by my side;
The music from the distant hills
Reminds me of my Guide.
This Friend, the best I ever knew,
Enjoys that music grand;
He knows the singers and the songs;
He rules in that glad land.

I long to gaze across those hills;
I strain my eyes to see
The ones I loved who went before
And there await for me.
And some day—sooner than I think—
I'll learn that music sweet,
And sing it to my dearest Friend,
While sitting at his feet.
—John De Witt, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Time Lost in Dawdling.

By dawdling two hours a day, one
wastes a twelfth of his entire life. One
month out of the year, one year out
of twelve, goes for nothing. This
waste, remember, is in addition to all
holidays and vacations. What man,
having his way to make in the world,
can afford to drop a month out of his
year? What man can afford, at the
end of every eleven years, to cease
all work for a twelve month? Dawd-
ling wastes times in small portions,
but the total loss is enormous and
costly.—Montreal Herald.

Destruction of Edible Nuts.

A wide range of country produces
edible nuts in great variety, and until
the wanton destruction of forests took
place, yielded great quantities of food
for man and beast. This natural sup-
ply has been greatly circumscribed by
the onward march of civilization, and
at this late day the initial steps are be-
ing taken to systematically utilize this
abundant production of Nature in sup-
plying luxuries as well as the food up-
on which the aboriginal tribes largely
subsisted.

Circulation of Newspapers.

A statistician has learned that the
annual aggregation of the circulation
of the papers of the world is estimat-
ed to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To
grasp the idea of this magnitude, we
may state that it would cover no few-
er than 10,450 square miles of surface;
that it is printed on 781,250 tons of
paper, and, further, that, if the num-
ber (12,000,000,000) represented, in-
stead of copies, seconds, it would take
more than 333 years for them to
elapse.

Myrtle—I thought Fred was in love
with you, but now I have found out it
is I he loves; it seems as though I
were in a dream!

Edna—You are!

Smiggs—There goes a man who has
done much to arouse the people.

Smagge—Great labor agitator, eh?

Smiggs—No, manufacturer of alarm
clocks.

Berlin Land Values Double.

The ground value of the city of Ber-
lin is said to be worth twice what it
was in 1887.

WILL YOU PAY THE PRICE?

Questions That Enter Into the Ability
to Achieve.

A Chicago clerk who is in love with
a special line of study asks when one
should change his work? He adds
that he has been in his present place
twelve years and is going to give it
up. The time to give up regular em-
ployment and start on a line of "love-
to-do-it work," is when you are will-
ing to pay the price. Some people
claim that anyone can do anything
provided they concentrate all of their
ability in an uninterrupted manner.
Would you work five years to write
forty words? Would you work twen-
ty years to interest the editor of a
certain publication? Would you work
forty years, if necessary, to culminate
your plan though it turns your
friends into enemies, your relatives
into critics and your natural oppo-
nents into rejoicing ridiculers?—Earl
M. Pratt in "Short Talks."

Makes Him Tired.

"A man who tells me how his wife
wants me to cut his hair makes me
tired," said the barber, after the cus-
tomer had departed. "I want a man
to tell me how he wants his hair cut,
not his impressions of his wife's
views." "It can't be helped," replied
his companion. "Once when I went
to a house to cut a man's hair he
called his wife into the room to tell
me how to do it."

Polite to the End.

One of the most famous criminals
the old Tombs has held in many
years has just been placed in his
cell. The delinquent in this case has
always been friendly with the news-
paper men, and when he was arrest-
ed several of the reporters who had
known him hastened to the Tombs,
confident of obtaining an interview.
He refused to be seen, and his mes-
sage to them, which is a tradition of
the Tombs, was eminently character-
istic: "Tell them," he said to the
warden, "that I am not in."

A Twist of Words.

When you give a literary man a
manuscript to read, and he says that
he will look it over, you might as well
make up your mind at the start that
until you have reminded him half a
dozen times he is pretty sure to over-
look it.—Somerville Journal.

Promises Better Things Next Time

We once hired a man to do a cer-
tain thing and he couldn't do it. But
he spent hours in making explana-
tions. If you fail to do a thing why
waste additional time in making ex-
planations? The point is, you didn't
do it.—Atchison Globe.

Women Physicians in Russia.

The number of women physicians
is steadily increasing in Russia. Ac-
cording to a recent report there are
now nearly 400 women studying medi-
cine at Russian universities, the larg-
est numbers being at St. Petersburg
and Moscow.

It Rained.

This is how the junior reporter
does it in some of the country news-
papers. He was asked to write a
paragraph mentioning the fact that it
had recently rained, and this is what
he let loose: "After many days of
arid desiccation, the vapory captains
marshaled their thundering hosts and
poured out upon scorching humanity
and the thoroughly incinerate vegeta-
rian a few inches of aqua pluvialis."

British Army Red Tape.

A good idea of the extent to which
red tape is carried by the British
army is given by the following para-
graph from recent station orders at
Aden: "Stationery—589. The G. O.
C. sanctioned the purchase locally of
a bottle of red ink under the financial
powers granted to him in A. R. I.
(Army Regulations, India). Vol. III,
Para. 6 (ii) and 7 (ii)."

Death of Centenarian Mendicant.

There died recently in Trieste, Aus-
tria, in her 101st year, a woman mend-
icant named Doratti, who had obtained
hundreds of pounds from credulous
persons by promising them the rever-
sion of two houses which had no ex-
istence.

The Seal's Human Cry.

The cries of no animals approach
more closely that of the human voice
than those of seals when lamenting
the loss or capture of their young.
They emit a wailing and affecting cry
similar to that of a woman in deep
grief.

Chilean Nitrate Mines.

In the last twenty-five years Chile
realized about \$300,000,000 from her ni-
trate mines. Senor Valdez Vergara
calculates that in the next twenty
years the output of the nitrate mines
will exceed \$450,000,000 in value.

Excitement Prevents Sleep.

Sound sleep cannot be obtained
when the mind or body is excited by
recent exercise. An intensely interest-
ing book, read up to the last moment,
frequently deprives the reader of
healthy sleep.

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